

IT 2: The Continuing Story by Kitemlnm

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Summary: Pennywise has returned and he has his eyes on a group of young teenagers.

1. Default Chapter

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Chapter 1: Fools

He watched hungrily at the little girl in the flower dress. She ran trying to catch a young boy in X-Men shirt and blue jeans. The girl had no chance, which meant she was easy prey.

Pennywise licked his lips hungrily as he continued watching her from his spot across the street in the gutter. She can't run fast, so she couldn't get away. When she gets alone, which she will, he knew, he would eat her. Feast on her flesh, and drink of her sweet, warm blood.

Pennywise snickered in such an evil way; the most courageous person in the world would collapse in fear.

Pennywise continued his gazing, but it was interrupted when a girl, about 16 with shoulder length blond hair and in a brown jacket, walked over and tapped the young girl on the shoulder; she had stopped chasing the boy and was now talking to another girl. The young girl turned around, "Terri!" she squealed in delight. She jumped into the girl's arms and gave her a hug.

"Ugh," Pennywise said in disgust, "A teenager for a sister. No matter, even if I do feed on the young flesh," he licked his lips with hunger, "she will pose no threat to me. I am immortal. Only that group of brats thought they could destroy me, they were wrong. I am forever." He snickered.

Pennywise was attempted to be killed one time by a group of kids, they failed, and they thought he was dead, but they were wrong. He came back 30 years later. He did, and he knew they knew, then pretty soon, they came to what they thought was the final fight. He took the wife of one, he killed one, the one who burnt his face with battery acid, and then they took out his heart. So what, Pennywise ate so many heart that by taking just one, it wouldn't come close to killing him. He fooled them, and he came back, it took a little longer,

but he came back. Then he feasted, he killed known runaways, about 6, and he feasted.

Now, he watched with extreme hunger at the little girl, with the girl in the brown jacket.

"Mom told me you needed to be picked up," said Terri.

"Yeah," replied the little girl, "I thought she forgoted about me."

"Forgoted?" said Terri,

"Yes, forgoted."

"Okay," she said as she took the girl by the hand, "So you want some ice cream?"

"Yes!" screamed the girl in delight.

Pennywise watched as they walked away, away from him, away from his hunger. He growled and knew that that girl was going to be special, she was loved and love made the eating a whole lot better.

As he left his perch from the gutter, his thought came back to the girl in the brown jacket, Terri was her name. 'She would pose no threat,' as he had thought earlier, 'She is just another little girl, if she gets in my way I'll eat her. Nobody can stop me; those who think they can are just fools. They are all just fools.'

Pennywise continued down the sewers with his thoughts of fools and hunger.

2. Chapter 2: For Your Amusement

IT 2: The Continuing Story

Chapter 2: "For Your Amusement..."

Noah Perkins sighed heavily as he started walking down the barren streets of downtown and was heading home from his violin lessons when he ran into Terri and Sara Walker.

Terri was 16; she had shoulder length blond hair and had forest green eyes. She wore her usual brown jacket and wore a pink shirt that had princess in silver glitters on the front, no doubt one she made herself. She also wore faded blue jeans, and black high heels.

Sara was 7 years old, she had sandy blond hair and, unlike her sister, had icy blue eyes. She wore a pink flower dress, with matching pink socks and shoes. She also had vanilla ice cream smudged on her face.

"Hey, Noah," said Terri.

"Hi," replied Noah.

"Heya, Noahy," said Sara delightfully.

"Hi," Noah said again.

"Are you going to sit Sara this weekend?" asked Terri.

"Yeah," Noah said.

Noah watched Sara and other kids around town in his spare time, which was a lot if he wasn't doing homework or at his violin lessons. Other than those two things, Noah didn't have anything else to do. He didn't go to dances, or to movies, or hang out with any other people, which was entirely against his stepmother's wishes. She thought he should spend more time with kids his age and less time babysitting.

"So, what are doing?" asked Terri.

"Heading home, I have homework to do and I have to practice on my violin."

"You play the violin?" asked Terri in surprise noticing the case in his left hand.

"Yeah..." Noah said blushing.

"Oh, well, that's nice," Terri said noticing him blushing, "Well we have to go, my mom probably expected us to be home an hour ago. Bye."

"Bye," said Noah.

"See ya, soon," shouted Sara.

Noah sighed a small sigh and headed home.

When Noah got home, things were hectic. His 3 younger stepbrothers and stepsisters were screaming at each other, and his mom was having a hard time apparently. Noah sighed and went to his room, not even being noticed.

Noah opened the door to his room and saw his older stepbrother, Jack, sleeping in his bed. Noah sighed and decided to let him sleep. Jack went to college and graduated with a degree in therapy. Unfortunately, he didn't really get to use that therapy, unless it was on Noah, because when Noah's stepfather no one was home to watch them. Then, that's when Jack came in.

He was 25; he had green eyes and brown hair. He often slept on the couch, but when he was tired and *his* younger siblings were home, he often crashed in Noah's room.

Noah sighed and decided to try and do his work in the kitchen, which was where the fight was taking place.

Noah sat down and tried to do his math homework, which was his least favorite subject and hardest, but the fight was still going on. He covered his ears and tried to think, but to no avail. He tried harder, but it was like just screamed louder every time he tried to tune them out.

Finally, Noah just gave up and rushed out of the room; he ran into the bathroom and slammed the door shut. He sat on the toilet and tried to get his work done. He had successfully started on his work and was almost done with it when there was a soft whisper.

"Noah," said a voice, "Can you hear me Noah?"

"Hello?" asked Noah aloud.

"Noah, help me!" said the voice.

Panicked, Noah looked around to try and find the source of the voice. He opened the door, no one was there, he looked into his room, and Jack was still asleep. He looked into kitchen and saw that the fight was still going on between the 3 children and his stepmother.

He ran back into the bathroom and looked around.

"Hello?" he asked.

"Noah?" He gasped. He looked towards the sink. No. He knew for sure it wasn't coming from there.

"Noah, help me." He slowly walked toward the sink. He looked down into the drain pipe and listened...nothing.

Noah sighed and sat down on the toilet again and started doing his homework.

"It's just your imagination; it's just your imagination. You don't hear people, you don't hear people."

"Noah, you can hear me," Noah looked towards the sink, that voice was so familiar.

"Noah, it's me Greta." Greta? His friend Greta who ran away...again? No.

"It's not Greta," Noah told himself, "It's you."

An evil laughter filled the bathroom and Pennywise changed his voice back to normal.

"You're right Noah, I'm not Greta, but I did eat her and let me tell you bucko, she was to die for. And you? Well, I'm pretty sure you taste just as good."

"No, no, I don't hear you." Noah cupped his hands over his ears.

"Oh, you hear me Noah. And I came back just like I said."

"No, Jack said I was imagining things, I don't hear you."

"Yes, you do." Noah felt a tap on his shoulder. He looked up and almost fell off the toilet. In the sink was the top part of a clown.

"Hello, Noah." said the clown.

"You're not real. You're not real." repeated Noah.

"Oh, I'm real Noah, just like you."

"No, no, Jack said I imagine these things, you're not real, you're not real." Noah cupped his hands over his ears again.

"I'm real Noah, just like this is."

Noah looked up to the clown with razor sharp teeth and yellow eyes.

"Now, since I'm real, my hunger must be real and you look just like the perfect snack." Pennywise begin his slow descending towards the scared stiff Noah.

Frightened, Noah closed his eyes and cupped his hands over his ears again.

"You're not real, you're not real, I don't see you. I don't see you. You're not real, you're not real."

Pennywise got closer, "Ooh, Noah," said Pennywise, "You look so delicious."

"I DON'T HEAR YOU, I DON'T HEAR YOU. YOU'RE NOT REAL. LA, LA. I DON'T HEAR YOU, YOU'RE NOT REAL." Noah was practically screaming at the top of his lungs, but Pennywise was getting closer.

"I DON'T HEAR YOU, I DON'T SEE YOU, AND YOU'RE NOT REAL.

LA, LA. I DON'T SEE YOU, I DON'T SEE YOU." Noah closed his eyes in a futile attempt to get rid of the horrifying clown about to take a bite out of his shoulder. Noah continued his screaming until someone grabbed his arm and he let out a frightened yell.

Noah looked up to see Jack holding his arm and the door busted open. Jack must have broken it trying to get to Noah.

"Noah, what are you doing?" he asked.

Noah looked towards the sink, the clown was gone.

"Nothing, just amusing myself."

"Oh, for your amusement, you lock yourself in the bathroom and scream at the top of your lungs?"

Noah nodded.

Jack gave him an odd look, "Noah," he said descending to be face to face with Noah, "are you mad that...you're adopted?"

Noah looked at him with disbelief. Almost 6 months ago, Noah stepmother told him he was adopted after his stepfather died. Noah, never really talked to anyone his family again and always spent time alone, locked in his room.

"No," said Noah, "I'm just...amusing myself."

Jack sighed, "Okay, if you say so," Jack leaned to kiss him on the forehead, but Noah pulled back, "Don't" he said.

"Okay," Jack got up and started walk out, but turned around and said, "Oh, yeah. Dinner's ready."

Jack left and Noah turned toward the sink. He heard the evil laughter of the clown coming from the pipe again.

Noah dropped his books and left the bathroom.

Down in the sewers, Pennywise was cracking up over Noah's outbreak.

"Ladies and gentlemen, for your amusement, Noah." He continued to crack up as he thought up another evil plan for Noah.